Shattered but Beautiful

Amirreza Habashi

Shattered but beautiful

a poetry collection + selected short stories

by

Amirreza Habashi Rezaeiyeh

Dedicated to all the shattered
souls who still remain beautiful.

Introduction 5

Chapter I - underneath my skin

Deep down, inside me 7

Lost enthusiasm 8

Grown 11

Private session 12

Chapter II - too good to be true

Obsessed (part II) 14

Optical illusion 16

Chapter III - first crack in the glass

Shattered 19

Destiny 21

Home?! 23

Chapter IV - Short stories, long awokening

Overthinking(same as everyday) 26

when did I order tea? 28

other books from the author 32

Introduction

As someone who loves paying attention to the details, I really admire shattered things. Because you get the chance to see every detail in every single piece individually. Every wound is a lesson. From the first crack in the glass to the last piece to shatter. My first book “whispered lies” was more about the process of breaking under the pressure and “shattered but beautiful” is gonna be a way to admire every struggle and wound that was left from the whispered lies and stolen lullabies.

Sincerely , Amirreza

Chapter I

"Underneath my skin"

"You vowed to stop believing in fairytales
but the stories were in you, deep as poison"

-Guinevere Beck

deep down, inside me

There's a world underneath
my thin skin.
and I've met people, all along my life
with the thickest layer of skin,
empty inside.

There's a universe beneath my eyes
and poems in every word I say.
There's life roaring like a river
in my veins.

There's delicacy in every move I make,
strength in every act I take,
reason for each laughter I fake,
and regret in every heart I break...
Mostly my own.

Lost enthusiasm

when I talk about myself
I always mention
my lost enthusiasm,
but I still smile at
the strangers on
the side walk,
in a random Monday morning.

when my name is mentioned,
the lost gone passion is also there.
but I'm still the same me,
petting every stray cat
on the way to the flowergirl,
to buy sunflowers
for the thin glass vase on my dining table.

I always bring up the darkness,
when they ask about me.
but there's always light
sneaking in, when I join
the kids who are playing in alley.

I'm so aware of the fact that
my enthusiasm's dead
I killed it myself,
buried it with my own hands
walked on its grave,
with my bare feet.
I did it myself,
'cause I was the one
who let them do it.

but I still stare at the sunset sky
I still talk to the plants,
I still dance under the rain,
sip every bit of the coffee
as if it's the last one,

I still have it in me,
somewhere inside,
beneath the skin,
among the bones,
somewhere in my guts
there's still, the last bit of
the enthusiastic me.
there's still me.
there's always...
Me!

Grown

They call it "growing up"
the point where you're unsure of
any kind of connection you have.
every conversation you make,
is just another exchange of meaningless words.
am I grown now that
all I have left is my untouched body
and my unwashed-brain?
is this promised maturity,
a continuous version
of a life of isolation?
I feel old in age, but not mature
I can't find a sign of wisdom in my own.

Private session

the tears are standing
On the Cliffside of my eye,
Waiting for a suicidal awakening
To jump off,
Over the cliff of my cheeks.
And then there's me
seeking a lonely corner
Isolated from the crowd,
To have a private session
With my emotions.

'cause as they say,
as we were taught
"Men don't cry".
what if they find out,
that my eyes leak salt water
every now and then
in a lonely corner
in our private session
of me and my eyes.

Chapter II

“Too good to be true”

Sadie:”are you for real?”
Dylan:”what do you mean?”
Sadie:”sometimes I think maybe I made you up.”

-ALL TOO WELL
(the short film)

Obsessed (partII)

The first part of this poem was written for my first book. But the story is not continuous; the only thing that these two poems have in common is that they were both written about the same incident. or in the other words, they both triggered the same feeling in my guts when I was writing them.

I wanna shut the doors
and close all my windows
to keep the smoke,
you exhaled around.
you've socked into all my clothes
to the fabric of my couch
to the cracks in the hardwood floor.
I'm scared to leave the house
'cause what if I open the door
and until I close it behind my back,
every single bit of you that's still around
gets sucked out of the front door.
I stay in this side of the door,
Forever.

and breathe every bit of you that I have left
inhale Every molecule of air,
every sign of the smoke
everything that is left from you
Inside the hallways of this haunted house
and my burden heart.

Optical illusion

You happened so all of a sudden
that I didn't have the time to think
about the fact that rose puddles
don't grow right from the marsh.

It Happened in the blink of an eye
so fast I couldn't tell the difference
wether it was just an optical illusion
or it was real as the lies you said.

Got close and it was already too late to step back
as I was sinking into the deep of water
I grabbed your branches to hold on to
your blades found their way through my skin

as the blood was pouring out
I was convinced that it was my fault
that the blood I bled reached your roots
you convinced me to believe it.

And when I touched the realness
of the true nature of your heart
I was already drowned,
and the marsh was as scarlet as my blood.

Chapter III

“First crack in the glass”

Mia:”what if it doesn’t work out?
will you be there to pick up the pieces?“

Kim:”every last one of them.”

-If I stay , Gayle Forman

Shattered

I said I can take it,
not knowing
how hard you could break it.
you were shattered,

and as I leaned down
to pick your pieces up
you cut me deep.
so deep that I also
fell into pieces.

we were both shattered
our pieces were mixed up
unseperatable

when you suddenly
decided to leave
took a handful of
fragile shards and left.
took some pieces of mine
and left some of yours to me.

Destiny

Destiny they call it
when I crumble under
the pressure of the life
they wanted me to have
they made me have
they made me, to have it.

and everyone's watching,
looking, lurking, waiting
for you to lose
for you, to lose it all.
and then there's you
under the pain of pressure,
all the eyes on you.

unworthy I get called,
every time I fail.
and as I get back on my feet,

judgmental looks gather on me,
expectations of another disappointment,
once a failure always a failure
as they believe.

but I'll get up,
wipe the dust off my knees.
looking at the mirror
at the only judging eyes that matter.
the eyes that have seen
every struggle, pain, times I tried
times I failed, times I succeeded
the amount of times I fell,
and the times that the dust
was wiped off my knees.

Home?!

Took my bag,
a handful of clothes,
crumbled Manuscripts,
and lost pieces of my life.
locked the door Behind me
the thought was lingering
in my mind that
it's probably the thousandth time
that I'm leaving Home for home.
or maybe I'm leaving just a house
to reach another.
some clothes here,
some belongings there,
and a bag full of some others.
it's like I have to leave a part of me
every time I leave.

and then I just wait,
until the time comes
to take my bag,
a handful of clothes,
crumbled Manuscripts,
and lost pieces of my life,
to leave home for home
for the thousand and first time...

Chapter IV

"Short stories, Long awokening"

Mia:"what if it doesn't work out?
will you be there to pick up the piece?"

Kim:"every last one of them."

-If I stay , Gayle Forman

overthinking(same as every day)

day seven thousand and thirty six:
He wakes up.
It doesn't take more than a few seconds for his attention to be drawn by a thin, black string tied around his index finger. same as every other day.
He tries to crawl out of the bed regardless of the thread and its continuation and start his day.
in every room that he finds himself in, the thread attached to his finger gets stuck in a corner.
finally he decides to follow the thread's extension. same as every other day...
He looks for the thread around the house so much that the thread wraps around him and traps him... it's not possible to move anymore, he stands in a corner and looks at all the black strings wrapped around his body.
he follows the continuation of the threads on his body, and the day ends this way.
no amount of energy is left, same as every other night, he crawls himself to the bed and throws his lifeless body in it.

Now, not only his whole body is covered with threads, but the strings are hanging along all corners of the room.

The brain doesn't calm down, and the only way to escape is to sleep. he shuts his eyes. everything is pitch black, as if the threads have penetrated under their eyelids.

He falls sleep.

day seven thousand and thirty seven:

He wakes up.

It doesn't take more than a few seconds for his attention to be drawn by a thin, black string tied around his index finger. same as every other day.

when did I order tea?

I love making up characters who are struggling with some kind of rare condition. it can either be an illness or something that makes them standout, for which society tolerates them. It has always been a goal of mine to tell the story of the people whose voices are not heard. This short story is one of those stories in which I tried to tell the journey of an old man who's struggling with Alzheimer.

Curly-haired boy comes up to me in his black shirt and ripped jeans. The new generation is really incomprehensible to me. It's as if they look more like homeless people, more likable they are. He stops by my table.

-Your tea, sir, do you need anything else?

-I ordered tea?

-Yes, that's what it says here.

he smiles and leaves as I shake my head as a NO.

I trap the tea cup among my fingers.

who ordered me tea? I hate tea.

Heat travels through the way between my hand and the glass, until the cup is as cold as my fingers.

I slowly bring the glass to the corner of my lips and savor the tea. It is cold and bitter, perhaps it is the coldness that makes the bitterness more obvious. The same thing goes for people , the colder they get, more bitter they seem.

A boy with curly hair and ripped jeans is coming towards me. His face looks so familiar, I've probably seen him on the street before.
-you're tea has probably gone cold by now. would you like me to change it for you?
I look at him and nod.
(a few minutes later)
A curly-haired boy in a black shirt walks up to me, his pants ripped. poor thing. He stands next to my table.
-here's your tea sir.
-did I order tea?
the mandatory smile gives its place up to the weird look on his face, eyes full of questions.
-um... yes, you did sir.
-but I hate tea.
-do you want me to change your order?
-no, just bring me the check please.
(a few minutes later)
The cup of tea in front of me has gone cold. I don't remember ordering it, I've always hated tea. There must have been a mistake.
A boy with curly hair and a pair of ripped jeans and a black shirt stopps beside my table.
-here you go sir.
he puts down the bill, and gets away immediately.

two cups of tea, a dollar and twenty five cents. Why two cups of tea? was I here to meet someone? Or are they just messing with me? I don't like tea at all, I don't remember ordering it. I don't feel like arguing. I put two dollars in my billfold and a boy with curly hair comes towards me. His pants are ripped and he's wearing a black shirt. I look at his face as he picks up the bill from the table. I wonder how familiar he looks. I've probably seen him on the street before.

Recently I was reading a quote that said “the biggest lie a poet can say is that I write fiction” and if I’m being honest, that is relatable. not only when it comes to the poetry writing process but it’s the same with all kinds of art. Every brush stroke has an emotion stuck in it. Every word in poetry has more than just words to say. Every pixel in an image that was taken from the point of view of a photographer, contains life. Art is all about surrealism entangled with reality.

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Other books from the author:

Poetry has always been an inseparable part of my life, but "whispered lies" has a special place in my heart. It all started with me, selecting some of the poems I've had written in my Notes app and sharing them on the internet. My parents published it as a birthday surprise. And I haven't stopped writing ever-since and I'll be writing until my mind stops imagining and my hand can't hold the pen anymore. I'm not sure if there's going to be an upcoming book or a new poetry archive but for now, these are the selected poems for "shattered but beautiful" gathered for you in this book. Hope you enjoy it.

There's delicacy in every move I make,
strength in every act I take,
reason for each laughter I fake,
and regret in every heart I break...
Mostly my own.